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SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

By ALBERT B. REAGAN, Nett Lake Indian School.

WHEN a boy I read in some book that an Indian is always truthful, and once a friend always a friend, but my experience has often been quite contrary to this maxim. A majority of the Indians over whom I have been placed by the government have been willing to tell an untruth even when the truth would have been more plausible, and friendship with them often goes no farther than securing a living from it. If it is to the red man's advantage to appear friendly he will do so, but if not he will not know you. This has always been one of his traits, but he is improving in this respect year by year.

In the accounts of the massacre of the whites in Iowa in the '60's we learn that the Indians entered a trader's store at one place, pretending to be friends till an opportune moment, and then mercilessly killed him and all his family.

During the Indian trouble at Fort Apache, in 1886, the Indians shut in the fort for a time before word could be got to outlying camps, and the government live-stock camp on the mesa was sacked. The Indians came to the camp as friendlies. A lone scout had charge of the provision house, while several other men were herding the horses and cattle some distance away. The scout cooked dinner for his Apache friends, who sat down and partook of the meal and then killed their host as he was drinking from his coffee cup. He fell over on the table, where he was found several days afterward. The savages then went out, killed the herders, and slaughtered all the stock for a great feast. Illustrating their untruthfulness an experience of my own may be cited.

While at Jemez I had a chore man, and asked him if he would not take me to his estufa to see the dance, then in session, on a certain night in the winter of 1899. He said he would take me and come to my house at nine p. m. that evening. But after waiting till ten o'clock he did not come, and I went to the estufa alone. I climbed the ladder to the flat roof of the rectangular building, and there stood my chore man. I spoke to him, but he feigned not to see me, even when I asked him to take me to the secret room, and passed by me down the ladder to the plaza and disappeared in the darkness. I then went boldly into the secret room alone, and at once was made welcome, as I was many times afterwards.

So far I have found the Zias and Apaches the most truthful Indians I have met, while the Jemez are less truthful and more thieving. The Hoh and Quileute Indians are the most untruthful of the lot, and also the most jealous and quarrelsome. Among the Jemez it is not considered a sin to lie or steal, but the sin is in getting caught. Among the Quileutes it seems to be no sin either to lie or to be caught in it. The Indians often do not wish their children to attend the government schools, and tell them horrid stories to make them afraid of the white people. Sometimes they tell them the whites are cannibals and are especially fond of the flesh of Indian children.

DANCES.

The dances of the Quileute Indians are many in number; in fact each and every event in life is celebrated with its own peculiar dance. By a dance ceremony the Quileutes invited strangers to visit their village; a welcome dance is given the visitors when they arrive, and a responsive dance is given by the visitors. A series of dances proclaim the opening of the salmon-fishing season; another series the opening of the hunting season or the whaling season, and so on. Then come the dances of a secret nature. Principal among these are the Ka-kla-kwal, the Tsi-yuk, and the Klu-kwal-le. These were great ceremonies in the old times, and not to belong to at least one of them meant simply that one was an outcast. We will give a short description of these three dances.

The Ka-kla-kwal ("Tomaneous"—Trance, Sick) Dance.

The purpose of this dance is to aid one in going through medicine trances; to aid one in sending the spirits from one who has been caused to go into a trance by them. The Indians used to believe, and the old people do still, that unless the dance is given the "tomaneous" sick one will die, to use the common expression among the Quileutes. The sick one imagines that many spirits have entered her, and the dance is given to drive them out.

The dance is a secret organization, presided over by the shamans of the tribe. To join it one must give a general "potlatch" to the members of the organization—a give-away feast—to the value of \$200 or more. Should one try to get in the performance without giving the potlatch he is roughly handled and put out of the hall in which it is held.

The dancer in this dance has his face lightly painted in black. He also wears a cedar-bark head band, from which at the sides of the head, both in front and behind, there project upward tassels of the same material. In addition he carries a short stick in each

hand, and, when dancing, he leans forward on the sticks and moves about on all fours like a prancing elk, though he sometimes dances in an upright position.

In the daytime the medicine men go into trances to aid the "tomaneous" sick person. At night they chant and shake sphere-shaped rattles, fashioned from wood and partly filled with pebbles from the beach.

The dance lasts five days and five nights. As the fifth night draws toward a close all the actors dance around the sick one twice in a great circle. Then the master of the ceremonies makes her get up, and her "spell" is over. No one else can do this with her. The evil spirits obey this one. Mrs. Sheshecoop and Mrs. David Hudson used to be "tomaneous" sick every winter; but now since the government is stopping the old things they don't get sick that way any more.

The dance is always followed by a feast. (Carl Black.)

The Tsi-yuk (Striped Cheek, Red-painted Face) Dance.

This dance is given both for pleasure and to cure the sick. The masters of the ceremony are the medicine men. These perform over the presented sick with their "tomaneous" medicine sticks. They also go into trances to cure the sick. When the dance is given to benefit the sick it lasts five days.

This dance, like the Ka-kla-kwal dance above, is a secret organization, and, like in that organization, one must give a potlatch to the members of the order before he can be admitted into it. Should one try to enter the Tsi-yuk hall when the ceremony is in session his clothes are torn from him and he is roughly expelled.

The actors in the dance wear cedar-bark head bands, with tassels of the same material extending upward on each side of the head both before and behind. Some also have shredded cedar-bark rolls suspended over the shoulders at the back, shaped somewhat like the floating ends of a comforter or scarf; others have a cape of the same material suspended from the shoulders at the back, somewhat like the panya worn at the back by the Pueblo women. Thus attired, they dance in an upright position to a monotonous chant and tom-tom music, keeping time by shrugging their bodies and by shifting their palm-up, extended hands first to one side and then to the other.

The dance is followed by a feast. At this there is only one waiter, called "father" of the occasion. He, and no other man, is allowed to wait on the table. Joel Pullen was the last "father."

The Klu-kwal-le (Black-face) Dance.

This is the great dance among the Quileutes; and before the government commenced stopping the old customs the Indians kept it in session most all the time, day and night, throughout the winter months. It is now only occasionally allowed, and then with the objectionable features removed. It is a secret organization, and to gain admittance to it with all its privileges one must give a potlatch to its members and their families—one dollar in money or goods to each base person and five dollars to each person of chieftain stock. In the days when the sealing industry was at its height a give-away feast of the value of \$1000 was a common potlatch. Should any one try to get into the dance without first giving the required potlatch, five Klu-kwal-le seize him by the hair, drag him around the central fire in the great hall, and then roughly put him from the building. Also, should anyone but those appointed for any special work or ceremony attempt to perform it, he is severely handled. For instance, Ka-la-dook and Kates-buc-ud are the firemen, and should anyone else attempt to attend to the fire his clothes are torn from him. Should anyone attempt to pass water from the water barrel in the building except the one appointed for that purpose, the water in the barrel is thrown out and the offender is compelled to fill it again.

The purpose of the dance is to restore departed spirits, whether they have departed on account of sickness or on account of the death of some relative. The Indians believe that sickness is caused by the spirit temporarily leaving the body; also that the spirits of a dead one's relatives remain on his grave with him till they are restored by the Klu-kwal-le.

The costumes of the actors are many and varied, but the most common costume is that of men dressed and acting to represent wolves, accompanied by other men screened from view with salal bushes. The faces of the actors are always smeared with black.

"In the Klu-kwal-le dance in the old times the Indians had their faces blackened with charcoal by an old woman appointed to do that work. Should an Indian paint himself he was fined three yards of calico, or some other article of barter, for each member of the Klu-kwal-le organization. Moreover, the men, and sometimes the women, slashed themselves with knives, and some also thrust themselves through on the upper flesh of the arms with arrows and bones. One old man here, used to thrust pointed bones through his lips in a cross shape, the bones penetrating both lips. I myself went through this ordeal when a young man, and I am marked

all over where the bones and arrows were thrust through my flesh. These things were done that the doctors might have greater power in bringing back the spirits of the sick from the 'Land of Shades.' Thus cut and thrust through with bones and arrows, they stripped off their shirts and danced.

"In this dance the boys and young men repaired to the woods and prepared every kind of bark whistle they could. Then decorating themselves profusely with salal branches they came into the dance hall whistling, while within the hall wolf-acting men were crawling and leaping over the floor on all fours. As they thus came, the people beat the drum, yelled, and with short clubs pounded long boards suspended horizontally, and did everything they could to make the greatest possible noise.

"This dance lasted five days. Then came the potlatch scenes, alternating with masked-dance scenes."

HOW THE QUILEUTE INDIANS TATTOOED THEMSELVES.

In tattooing, the Quileute Indians, of LaPush, Wash., took charcoal and, having powdered it, mixed it with water so as to make an ink of it. Then they threaded a needle with thread or very fine sinew. This thread they saturated with the ink thus made. Then they drew the needle and thread through the skin in the positions they wished the tattoo markings to show. They "stitched" themselves, pulling the thread out after each stitch was taken. This left the charcoal particles in the ink beneath the skin, to be the black marking desired—a permanent marking ever after. The stitched places are usually quite sore for a long time.

SOME MYTHS OF THE QUILEUTE INDIANS.

In the old times all people walked on their hands, with heads down. This was so that they could see and catch fish in the water. All peoples were fish eaters then. But one day the god Kwatte came along, and, seeing that man's walking position was not good for him, he caused him to reverse his walking position and walk on his feet as he does now. Since then man has lived on the land, instead of in the water like a fish. Kwatte was always doing good.

The Quileute River Monster.

There is a monster of the deep living in the vicinity of the mouth of the Quileute river. It eats up the fish. It seizes fish-nets and destroys them. It draws boats into its gigantic mouth and swallows boat and occupants. It destroyed eighty fathoms of Billy Hudson's fish net in 1907. It drowned Conrad Williams's little eight-year-old boy the same fall. Many years ago it swallowed

down two white men and their boats. This monster of the deep is a terrible beast. You never can see anything of this monster but his tail, sometimes; it is always just going out of sight as you see it. The beast is one big, big thing, but we Indians have never seen what it looks like. We old people of Quileute are afraid of it.

Finishing this legend, the aged chief who was reciting it turned to me and asked: "Did you ever see this monstrous beast, Mr. White Man?"

The Fossil Legend.

The giantess Duskia, sister of the god Kwatte, and known to the coast Indians as the Evil One, had her home at the mouth of Maxfield creek (a tributary of the Bogachiel river from the south, forming a confluence with that river about eight miles above the Indian village of LaPush, Wash.). She gathered clams and sea-shells from the beach and took them to her home and there ate them. The middens from her "table" are there yet. They have turned to stone. (There are large fossil beds at the mouth of the above creek.) You can see them there to-day.

Duskia, you know, had stolen many children. These she fed on the clams. These clams she carried from the beach to where the shells are now stone. This woman had three different places of abode—one at a place just this side of Quillayute prairie, one just over Quillayute Needle's Point, south of LaPush, and this one at the mouth of Maxfield creek. At each of these places you can find the clam shells and other kitchen middens turned to stone.

This woman Duskia took away — stole—all the Indian children who would cry. When walking around, if she heard a child cry she would go and eat it. That is why one never hears an Indian baby cry.

This woman lived not so long ago, the old people say. The first white men who came to this country lost many things from camp. They could not imagine what became of them. At last they set a beaver trap; and lo! they caught Duskia in it. She was a very large woman, with long hair that reached to her heels. She was good looking. She did not dress like an Indian then; she wore a short dress that came only to her knees. This dress was made of snake skin. When they caught her she hallooed and screamed and talked a language no one could understand. She tried to get away as ordinary mortals might, but failed. Quickly then she changed herself to a meteor and passed out into space as a vanishing streak of blaze.

THE MEDICINE FRATERNITY OF THE APACHES.

Among the Apaches the medicine fraternity is composed of both men and women. These doctors claim to be endowed with supernatural powers—special powers from the gods. Some even claim to be gods themselves. They often not only claim to have power over “sick,” but to be able to raise the dead. These shamans preside at all medicine performances, and lead the singing in all such performances. They command the people to move near the river or away from it, as their fancy decides. Before the coming of the white man, it is said, they put to death all who disobeyed their orders or doubted their being endowed with superhuman powers. Below are some of the sayings and doings of medicine men that are out of the ordinary.

Chief Brigham Young used to tell the Indians, and also the white people of the agency, that he was God, and he created all things, and that he was all powerful. Also, if he wished to kill a man or an animal all he needed to do was to just put his hand out and touch it and it would drop dead.

An old chief, whose name I do not now recall, also used to tell the Indians the same kind of a story, and they all believed it. This Indian lived at what is now known as Canyon, south of Fort Apache. Once he got into trouble and was fined several days’ work. He declared to the officers that he was God and would not work. He was locked up till he was willing to work and did work. He worked as a prisoner some two or three weeks, and at no time did he try to kill the officers by his supernatural power. But the Indians said: “White man different; doctor can no kill white man.”

It is evident to a close student of Indian performances that fakery, hypnotism and superstition are the instruments used by medicine men to keep their people under their control.

VISIT OF CHIEFS OF BOIS FORT INDIANS TO WASHINGTON.

As has been indicated in other articles published in the Transactions by the present author, Indians are always of the opinion that some part of some old treaty has not been fulfilled. The Bois Fort Chippewas are no exception to the rule. Throughout all last winter the Indians here counselled day after day about what they said the government owed them. Finally, February 12, they agreed on their wants and their demands and had them put in written form as here given in the next succeeding sheets. With copies of the council proceedings in their pockets, Interpreter Frank H. Pequette and four chiefs started to Washington on March 1, 1910. It had

been intended to have Chiefs Day-bway-wain-dung, Bay-baum-we-che-waish-kung, Mah-jish-kung and May-zhuc-ke-aune-quaib accompany Mr. Pequette; but the Indians quarrelled at Orr railway station, and Ain-ay-way-way-aush forced himself in in place of May-zhuc-ke-aune-quaib and went to Washington in his stead. The Indians had collected money to pay the expenses of the respective chiefs, and the forced withdrawal of May-zhuc-ke-aune-quaib caused that chief to withdraw the money appropriated to pay his expenses; but Ain-ay-way-way-aush went anyway, trusting to luck to get back home.

Arriving at Washington, Ain-ay-way-way-aush and Bay-baum-we-che-waish-kung got drunk and blew out the gas in the jet over their bed in their sleeping apartments, on the night of March 3, and were consequently found dead in their rooms on the morning of the 4th. The honorable commissioner furnished coffins for the deceased Indians, and also paid the expenses of the survivors and the interpreter back to Orr, our railroad station; and, on arriving at the agency, the bodies of the deceased chiefs were interred, after a funeral held over them in the government schoolhouse by Reverend Pequette, the interpreter mentioned above. At the close of the funeral the coffins were opened, notwithstanding the objections of many of the old timers, and the remains were viewed. It was a scene to be remembered. Not a tear was shed; not a word was uttered by a single person, as one after another passed around the coffins, till the wife of the aged Bay-baum-we-che-waish-kung (he who had signed the treaty of the Chippewa Indians at Washington in 1866) came to view the dead. She put some pouches of medicine and some eatables and some tobacco in the coffin of her husband. Then, without shedding a tear, she exclaimed, addressing the dead: "I told you when you went to Washington that you should not drink whisky. Now see—see; you bring back your poor dead soul to me." Her remarks closed the viewing the dead. At the graveyard there was also no outward signs of feeling over the death of the chiefs. After the burial was completed the usual "medicines," eatables, a cup of water and some tobacco were placed on the graves of each.

The two other things that might be mentioned with this burying of the chiefs is that a special bill was passed by Congress to pay the transportation and funeral expenses of these chiefs and the return expenses of the survivors of the party. Also, with the burying of these two chiefs the Bois Fort Indians started a graveyard in which to bury their dead. Previously they had buried their

dead near their houses, where they could go and visit them and take food to them at morning, noon and night.

Before returning from Washington the survivors presented their petition to the honorable commissioner and received an answer thereto, setting forth very positively that most of the Indians' claims were undoubtedly erroneously founded.